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THE GOSPEL OF WORK.

A PHILOSOPHY THAT HAS
MADE J. S. DURHAM GREAT.

Rewards That Come to Those Worship
at Industry's Shrine—Scholarly Au-
thor of "Diane"—Shrewd Diplomat,
Captain of Commerce and Barrister.

The number of novelists who can produce a stirring romance—one that makes the blood tingle—a story of love in which intrigue, politics, superstition, diplomacy and war, are the motives of the story's action—and tell it in an interesting, fascinating way—is small. There are only a limited number of present day writers whose productions will pass into literature of the age. But if our ablest critics know good literature when they see it, then the success of "Diane" is assured. Mr. John S. Durham who succeeded the Hon. Frederick Douglass, as Minister to Haiti, contributes to the April issue of Lippincott's Magazine, the complete novel, "Diane." It is the story of a Haitian girl who makes the supreme sacrifice, that of her good name, in the hope of protecting the youth whom she loves from the results of a political conspiracy. Throughout the story new pictures, scenery, peoples, customs and superstitious rites, are set before the reader with unsparring truthfulness and thorough friendliness. The characters are taken from various types, evidently with the purpose of giving a complete study of the national life. It is a remarkably well told tale of Haitian life, and at the same time an interpretation of its spirit. For years the author has himself dwelt in and been a part of that life, and in his case familiarity has not bred contempt, but imbued him with a rare sense of actuality and sanity of judgment. Stories of life in the tropics abound. They are usually the work of writers to whom these qualities were foreign. The author's diplomatic position gave him enviable opportunities to study the social and actual life of Haiti, and he has described that life more thoroughly in "Diane" than has heretofore been done in works of similar scope and purpose. It abounds in "living pictures" painted by the hand of a master artist. It is a kind of romance which makes your pulse beat faster, and which holds the interest of the reader from beginning to end. In reading it you are constantly reaching beyond all boundary lines of accepted authorities (?) of life in the Black Republic. We are compelled to put our cherished delusions aside. The writer vanishes the "Voodoo" defamers of Haiti with such delicate scorn, and yet as unsparingly tells the whole truth. "Diane" is a clean healthy, ennobling story of love and devotion. No theories are exploited; no hobbies are ridden. The tale is told as a tale should be told. The interest is centered in the characters, their doings and surroundings. The people who live in its pages will live in the memory of

MEN OF THE HOUR.



HON. JOHN S. DURHAM.

Former Minister to Hayti. Journalist, Author, Lawyer and Brilliant Man of Affairs.

its readers. They are thoroughly human. Moreover, at the end there is something left for the imagination. You do not see the proverbial ring, nor hear the peal of the wedding bell. It will pay you to read it, and your newsdealer will be glad to supply you with a copy.

I have tried to speak of "Diane" after the fashion of one who enjoys a good story. Perhaps, an estimate of its author would not be out of place.

Taking a retrospect is not always a pleasant task. The pages of the past, in many respects, may be likened to a sewer; too often it flows with the refuse of mankind. Could there not be found characters here and there who have preserved it from this villification, the metaphor would be appalling. The story of man is one long recital of a struggle upwards toward better things. The men and women who have contributed to the fund of human betterment are legion. The roll includes patriots, poets, painters, philosophers and pedants. Sometimes there looms up a personality that stands out above the crowd. The triumphs of the sword no longer minimize the achievements of the arts of peace. The reign of the pen is at hand. Poet, pedant and philosopher sway Empire and guide Republic. Throne and Senate yield obedience and the din of the

multitude is stilled where press, forum and philosopher wield the sceptre. What then can prove more fruitful than a glance backwards—especially when it reveals the story of one who has made impress upon the thought and movement of the time? There is no story half so interesting as that of the career of a truly self-made man. The life of our subject is unique in this respect. John Stephens Durham, student, educator, civil engineer, journalist, diplomat, lawyer—truly a many-sided man! Yet he has lived, labored and succeeded in each of these characters. Success, from the American stand-point, is the proof of capacity. However the critics may differ in their different estimates of this individual, one opinion they all share in common. That sentiment, that opinion is, "John Durham is a man of extraordinary capacity!" Going back over a stretch of years, I can vividly recall my first impression of the man. They have no present value other than in so far as they indicate the correctness of conclusions reached at that early period. Mr. Durham at that time was "a man of importance." I saw much of him, as he was ever to be found in the many activities which engage the Negro in this busy metropolitan center. He impressed

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THE MISSION OF MUSIC

A DIVINE GIFT IN THE SOUL
OF AUGUSTUS A. HASTON.

A Western Genius Inspired to Interpret
The Melodies That Uplift—Encourage-
ment Ready for Real Merit Newsy
Notes From The Quaker Metropolis

Philadelphia, Pa., Special.—One of the most essential numbers of the service of a church is its singing. The Psalmist says, "Praise the Lord with song." The singing should require as much preparation as the sermon. The solo in the Cherry Street Baptist Church on last Sunday morning made the very hearts of the congregation rise up and give thanks to God for the power of song. All persons are not impressed in the same way and the sweet strains bursting forth from some woman's or man's mouth do not come forth to return to the air void. We hear of the early angels singing chants and to deums even at the birth of our Lord, and since that time that same chant has been revised and is sung now by the children of men. If song was instituted by the angels in Heaven, brought by them to this earth, why is it that even mortal man has caught the refrain of those early songs and is now making the earth ring with the melodious tones, even as sung in the beginning of the world.

The Negro, it is said, has surely been endowed with the gift of music and Euterpe spared no pains when she placed within the mind of Mr. Augustus A. Haston that knowledge of music; clasped within his hands that book of note, and above and beyond all, placed within his mouth those sweet strains, and said unto him, "Gotherefore and let the people enjoy this which I have so endowed you, showing unto men that the fine arts and keen perceptions are contained within the dark-skinned people of this world. Though credit may not be given them, yet it is within, and the time is not far distant, when they will lead along the musical line, for their latent powers are fast becoming visible and no one will be able to prohibit the recognition of the colored singer as that nearest approaching the divine. It is plainly seen in the personage of Mr. Haston. Mr. Augustus Haston, born and reared in the western town of St. Louis, was not aware of his talent until it was discovered by some of his friends. He used to sing casually, as it is the case with all persons, but never paid any attention to the voice that he had. On one occasion, while working in a hotel one of the guests heard the leading voice of a colored quartet singing in its "quarters," and next morning she inquired of the young men as to who their leading tenor was. The answer was made, "Kid Haston," as he was called. She asked Mr. Haston to come to her room on the next day and

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